

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

TOCH JOURNAL

November
1955

NEWS • VIEWS • IDEAS



Letters and articles are welcomed and are printed as individual points of view, and are not necessarily those of the Movement

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Cover Picture: Belgian and British members and friends outside the Town Hall, Poperinge.

(see article 'Monsieur le Majeur' on page 352).

Editorial Office:

Toc H, 47 Francis Street, London, S.W.1

Telephone: VICTORIA 0354.

'Toch'

IT IS POPULARLY SUPPOSED that foreign travel broadens the mind. Whether or not this is so, our vocabulary was certainly enlarged during a visit to Belgium this summer by the word that heads this article. Although the Queen's English is a composite language in origin, its users do not readily enthuse at the introducing of foreign words and, so far as JOURNAL readers are concerned, any such departure made within these pages is likely to call forth a rebuke. Even the time-honoured feature *Multum in Parvo* carries also its English equivalent and we shall indeed be fortunate if the title of Barkis' article in this issue escapes comment.

British soldiers on foreign service have always clung tenaciously to a belief that they were born linguists and from time to time have returned home with foreign words which have since spread into everyday speech. It was Tommy Atkins who picked-up 'padre' in Portugal during the Peninsular War and 'char' in his Indian cantonment days, while, of course, it was the signallers of World War I who renamed Talbot House as 'Toc H'. (With the abolition of the earlier 'Ack-Ack, Beer-Beer' code, Talbot House would to-day be translated by the signallers of Nato Forces as 'Tango Hotel'.)

As a matter of fact, 'toch' is a genuine Flemish word and was first noticed in a Bruges shop-window, on a plaque which read *En toch schijnt de zon.*—'In spite of everything the sun still shines'. As the Editorial knowledge of languages beyond Basic English is limited to *estaminet* French we sought the meaning from Belgian friends. They explained that 'toch' is one of those omnibus words which possess several shades of meaning and perhaps could best be translated as "but still" or "in spite of everything".

It is a pleasing thought that the four familiar letters which together make 'Toc H' for us are elsewhere being used for a word that helps to repel pessimism and to reinforce a desire to disown discouragement.

“So Wonderfully Made”

TOC H, which has made many experiments and, so long as it remains truly alive, will make many more, ventured upon one last year that invited all sorts of criticism and quite possibly failure. Criticism, of course, there was—but only on points of detail; the success of it took many who tried it by surprise. This experiment was the Vigil.

Ever since 1929, when Toc H Australia invited all of us to take part in a ‘World Chain of Light’, an experiment of their own devising, we have grown accustomed to think especially of our fellow-members at a given time once a year—at 9 p.m. on the anniversary of our Movement’s birth in 1915. Last year we went a long step further. The few minutes that each unit spends round its lighted Lamp or Rushlight as its share in the World Chain have always been filled with remembrance of each other; the ceremony is a sign that we and unknown fellow-members are not strangers but one Family. The Vigil calls us, for the whole twenty-four hours of the World Chain, to think and pray together about Toc H, our common inheritance.

‘Watch and Pray’ is a Divine Command, not at all easy to obey in the rush of the present-day world. Many an individual and team of members faced the prospect of last year’s Vigil with apprehension—and as the hours went on were surprised to find how simple and how deeply satisfying the experience was. A careful programme had been worked out to ensure that at any given hour the watchers everywhere should be focusing their attention on the same section of the far-flung Family or on one particular area of its work; appropriate thoughts and suggestions as to special needs were in the hands (as they will be again) of those keeping watch. With such help we can face this difficult task again with confidence.

And how difficult is the task after all? That depends on what Toc H really means to each man or woman among us. If it is just a pleasant club, a weekly meeting, a little part-time work the Vigil may seem to fly much too high. But for those who sincerely believe that it is God “who has so wonderfully made Toc H” the Vigil will be a summing up, a precious refreshment of a life to be lived every day.

B.B.

'MONSIEUR LE MAJEUR'

by BARCLAY BARON

TALBOT HOUSE, Poperinge, as a host of new visitors in 1955 have discovered to their delight, is neither a legend nor a museum of "old unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago". It is vividly alive and to enter its great white doors today many a member feels is "like coming home".

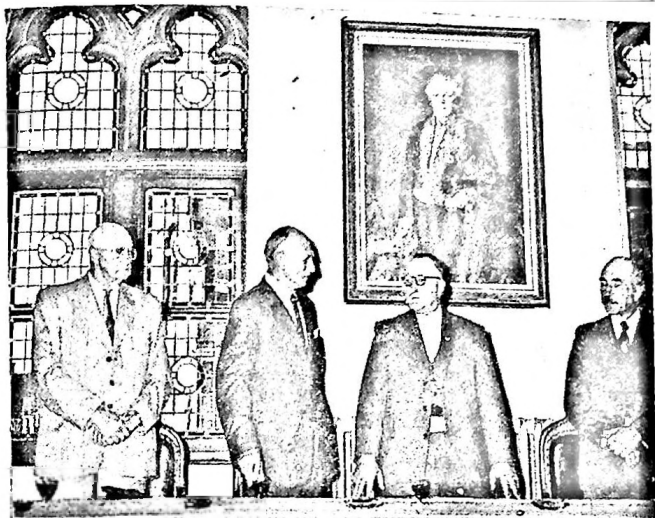
It is abundantly clear, then, that the Old House has a present and a future: it also has a past which has not lost its power to stir a modern visitor deeply. Every Toc H man and woman knows, or should know, the outline of its first great chapter enshrined in Tubby's *Tales of Talbot House*. Obviously the story did not end in 1918, but many present-day visitors know little or nothing about its continuation which is in itself remarkable. Only the main sequence of events can be told here, and with them the name which takes the first place is that of Paul Slessor.

Dream realised

Paul, retired from business and living in a Kentish village, was elected a member of Toc H on New Year's Day, 1925: for him, as for many another man, it proved to be a true re-birth. In 1929 Lord Wakefield, himself a new member, happened to say to him that he would be glad to "do something for Toc H" and Paul, on the spur of the moment, replied that many members had cherished a dream that some day the birthplace of their movement might come into their possession. Lord Wakefield sent him out forthwith to Poperinge to negotiate the purchase of Talbot House, and the generous gift was announced to delighted members at that year's Festival. Paul then set to work to recover from the members and Branches all over Great Britain furniture and relics of every kind—above all the complete contents of the Upper Room—which had been brought home from the House at the end of the first war. With reverence and imagination, with good taste, business ability and abounding humour he devoted himself to the refurnishing, from major work like the provision of a proper water supply and the building of a notable washing place (ever since called 'The Slessorium') to the smallest household detail. At last in 1931 Lord Wake-

field himself formally opened the House (already in use), with a large deputation of members present and the whole of Poperinge *en fête*.

Throughout the years between the wars Paul Slessor acted as 'Pilgrimage Secretary', as well as President of the Anglo-Belgian *Association de Talbot House*, which, under Belgian law, actually owns the property. He made constant visits,



Barclay Baron thanks the Burgomaster at the Town Hall

welcomed numberless parties from home, entertained all manner of visitors and became a most familiar and popular figure to the people of Poperinge; he delighted especially in making the garden beautiful, for he had 'green fingers'.

Then came 1939 and the curtain suddenly descended between us and neutral Belgium. Rumours were conflicting as to the fate of the Old House but it survived intact. In 1941 it was requisitioned by the occupying Germans at twenty-four hours notice—and in that time the people of Poperinge, our friends, had removed out of it every stick of furniture, every picture, book and scrap of paper and hidden them in their own homes, at great risk to themselves.

In September, 1944, Poperinge was liberated by the advanc-

ing Allies, and at the earliest possible moment Paul Slessor, with Barclay Baron, flew out to Belgium and set to work to restore the furniture to its rightful place and get the House open for the young soldiers of the Army of Liberation, who crowded it to its utmost limits. To them Paul played host to the top of his bent.

For five more years he worked hard and found great happiness in his task, and then his bodily powers (he was seventy-eight) plainly began to fail. On September 15, 1949, suddenly and peacefully, he passed on. At the end a Belgian railway timetable lay on the counterpane of his sick-bed, for he was still working out a new route to the Old House, and that tiny detail hints the measure of his devotion to it.



The commemorative plaque

The Slessorium in the garden of the Old House is a super-bathroom, with "the benison of hot-water" for many a grateful traveller, but something more was needed as Paul's monument in a place he served so faithfully and loved so

well. On September 24 of this year, therefore, a bronze plaque was unveiled in his memory in the entrance hall of the House. The simple ceremony was timed to coincide both with the annual visit of our members from Brussels and Charleroi, commonly called the 'Continental Conference', and with the statutory Annual General Meeting of the Anglo-Belgian Association, which is attended by a handful of British members of its council as well as by the local Belgian members. Other townsfolk, Paul's old friends, had been invited but it was a happy surprise to find that the Burgo-master and Town Council had decided to make it an official occasion. Four councillors of *l'Association*, one with his wife, had arrived from England, a party of fifteen Brussels

Toc H men and women and another of ten from Charleroi joined the little group of members and friends already staying in the House, and all these together walked across the great Square to the Town Hall at 6 p.m. on Saturday afternoon. Many people greeted them on the way and all Poperinge was gay with flags and banners, for it happened to be a bank holiday.

Burgomaster van Wallegghem, an old friend of Toc H, was



"Philip Slessor surprised everyone by speaking in fluent Flemish"

gravely ill (he actually died next day), but acting Burgomaster Vitse and his officers received them with a *Vin d'honneur* in the council chamber. A speech in Flemish welcomed Toc H warmly; it was translated into English by Marcel De Rynck, a true ally known to every Toc H visitor to 'Pop.', and there was a tense moment when emotion checked Marcel at the mention of Paul's name.

"We realise", said the Burgomaster, "that Talbot House is very dear to you all and I can assure you that the whole population of Poperinge is very friendly disposed towards it because of the many memories attached to it. It is the link between Poperinge and the whole British community, a link that brings us here together in this atmosphere of friendship, a very precious link which all of us must safeguard with a sense of duty."

'MONSIEUR LE MAJEUR'

Barclay Baron (who appeared in a Brussels newspaper report 'next day as 'baron Barclaey'!) briefly thanked the town's representatives, the toast "to our mutual friendship and the prosperity of Talbot House" was drunk and the short but moving little ceremony was over.

An immediate return visit was made; the British party, now reinforced by their Belgian hosts and friends, recrossed the Square to Talbot House. In the entrance hall, crowded with some seventy witnesses, the acting Burgomaster unveiled the memorial plaque with a second Flemish speech. Once more it was translated into English by Marcel; Yvonne, his wife, put the plaque's inscription into Flemish for the benefit of her fellow-countrymen.

Next Philip Slessor, Paul's second son, surprised everyone by speaking in fluent Flemish, followed in English by a beautiful tribute to his father, and Mrs. Hope Slessor, the widow of Paul's gallant eldest son, laid a great sheaf of flowers at the foot of the plaque. Then it was the turn of Sylvain Lahaye, Secretary of *l'Association*, to speak in French, and finally Barkis gave a brief picture of Paul as he had so often seen him at work in the Old House. After that the whole company spread itself into the lounge and garden and spent a delightful half hour, free and easy, over a glass of wine together.

It had been a most happy meeting, spontaneous, simple and sincere, of men and women of two nations drawn together by their affectionate memories of an old friend. A true utterance was on many lips—"How old Paul would have loved all this"!

LINKS IN THE CHAIN

The Chain of Office worn by the Mayors of the City of Bath might quite well include a Toc H Builder's Badge in its design. The tenth Mayor, in succession, of that lovely City, Councillor A. N. Dix, has just been enrolled as a Builder and we offer him a very sincere welcome into the Toc H Family. It is to be hoped that even during a busy term of office the Mayor will see enough of our fellowship and work to be convinced that he his predecessors have been wisely guided by Captain JOHN ENGLAND to include Toc H among their many interests. The Mayor is the 376th Builder to be enrolled since November 1, last.

HEAVEN IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

by E. N. HOGBEN

National Secretary, The Religious Drama Society

Stage hand: Now look what you've done—broke Heaven.

Producer: This is revolution, Mr. Gringer, Revolution.

Second Man: That's what we mean, Miss Wilson—Heaven's broke up and has to be put together again.

SO RUNS A SCENE in the play "Showdown" written by Oliver Wilkinson for the New Pilgrim Players. These Players form the small professional Company of the Religious Drama Society of Great Britain. The Company, which has been under the direction of Miss Pamela Keily since its formation in 1952, travels extensively throughout this country presenting plays which explore and interpret the Christian view of life.

In the early days, the Company travelled with all their gear and paraphernalia in a minor pantechicon known affectionately to the Players as "the Barouche". This ancient vehicle served the purpose well until last year when its idiosyncrasies became greater than its performance and it was replaced by a small converted passenger bus. The Company travels light using for the mounting of their plays what Miss Keily describes as "the minimum of paraphernalia with the maximum of imagination" so it is possible to pack into the bus the curtain, screens, lighting equipment, props and the players needed for any performance.

Immense possibilities

In setting up the Company, the Religious Drama Society of Great Britain had in mind the immense possibilities of drama as a means of evangelism. The problem of finding plays most suitable to its purpose is not an easy one. The Company's policy is to present new plays when possible and it has been fortunate in having some excellent plays specially written for it:—K. M. Baxter wrote "T'other Shift" a twenty minute drama to be presented on the shop floor or in factory canteens; Philip Turner contributed "Christ in the Concrete City" a stark portrayal of the Passion in modern terms; "Ye Shall Be As Gods", described as Adam and Eve in corduroys, came from Pastor A. Payot of Switzerland; last season the Company added to its repertoire Oliver Wilkinson's "Show-

down", which is perhaps the nearest thing to Christian revue that has yet been seen on the stage. This play begins by burlesquing religious drama and leaves the audience with a disquieting challenge to examine their faith.

The New Pilgrim Players present their plays in churches or working-men's clubs, factories or cathedrals, schools or

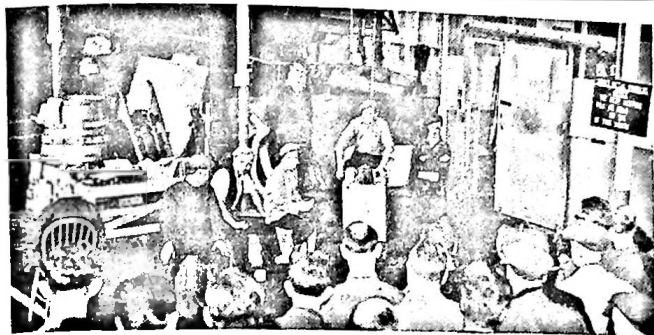


A scene from "Showdown" by Oliver Wilkinson

colleges, shop floors or canteens or almost anywhere else that provides an open space and an audience. The settings and lighting while effective, are the simplest, so that the emphasis is thrown onto the quality of the acting. Pamela Keily, whose professional experience included two-and-a-half years with the original Pilgrim Players, has, in addition, an expert knowledge of the limitations and difficulties of amateur groups as she worked for nine years with amateurs in Sheffield and Bristol. Indeed her productions with the New Pilgrim Players have stimulated many such groups to attack their difficulties with fresh enthusiasm.

Life for the Company has been a constant round of moving by bus, rehearsals, setting-up, playing, dismantling, repacking and moving on again. To the Players, the three years have brought experiences—thrilling, heartening and sometimes

comical :— Once the van broke down on an ice-bound road fifteen miles from the waiting audience ; on another occasion "T'other Shift" had just begun and the Players realised too late that a large puddle covered the acting area of the shop ; in another large works, the audience was so engrossed in the play that when the "stage accident" happened, half the audience ran off to investigate ; one of the most exciting performances was given in the open air to a large audience of dockers on a blitzed site near Brocklebank Dock in Liverpool. This is not a work where results can be expressed in statistical



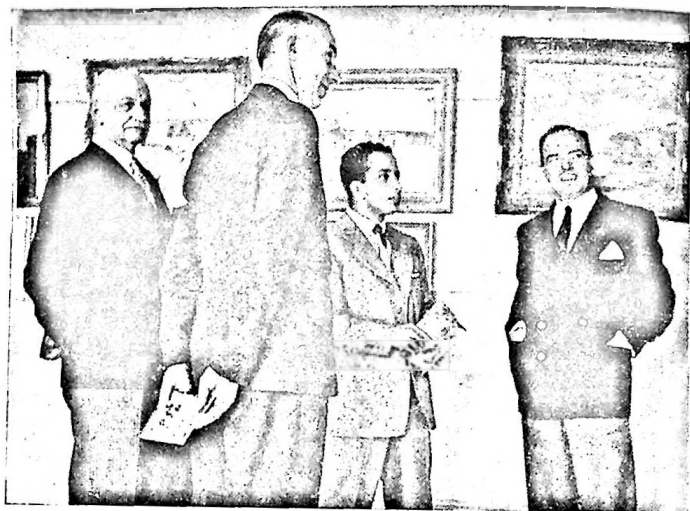
"T'other Shift" a twenty minute drama presented on the shop floor

terms, but the Company is often heartened by comments which show that the play has made its impact.

As in all missionary efforts, money is a constant problem. With the most economical management it costs over one hundred pounds a week to keep the Company running. This sum is not always easy to find. When the local organisers have done their job effectively and when the weather co-operates the Company can make ends meet. Rehearsal periods and the cost of staging new productions require a deal of money. It needs only one or two nights of adverse weather for the takings to fall below the required amount. In fact, on several occasions since its inception it has appeared that the Company could not continue and it has been kept in existence only through the generous donations of many people. The Directors now feel that unless some regular source of income can be found the Company will not be able to continue after the end of March next.

After the present summer recess, the Company is being

re-formed at the end of October and begins the autumn season at Lincoln on November 20. Early in December it goes to Skegness then to Scarborough until Christmas. In the New Year it is playing for two weeks in outer London then in Portsmouth from where it goes to South Wales. In mid-February it begins in Birmingham and in March will be playing at Cumberland, Durham and Leicester. Of subsequent plans it is not possible to say anything at the moment. We hope the work may continue, for this is an exciting experiment with a group of people who, while they are drawn from the professional theatre, are engaged with the full understanding of the type of work involved. For this Company comprises a group of people who not only work together, but are concerned to serve the Church.



King Feisal of Iraq admiring the 'Painting is a Pleasure' Exhibition at Hove, where His Majesty's own painting of a Sheikh's son was an attractive feature. The twenty-year-old King paid a private visit to the Exhibition just before it finally closed. The Family Purse will benefit by nearly £1,500.

With him in the picture are Mr. Thomas, a friend; our Bursar, Ken Rogers and Mr. Jack Dove, the Librarian and Curator of Hove.

Pioneering for Oil

TO THE OILMEN of today goes the credit, and the adventure, of opening up many of the waste places of the earth. Under deserts, prairies, marshes and seas, otherwise bleak and unharvested, may lie oil.

Oil for lamps, for cooking stoves, for industry, for farming, for the world on wheels, the ships and aircraft of all nations.

The oilmen must always go out and find new sources of supply, so great is the demand. They must drill the wasteland to dredge up the liquid treasure that the earth holds imprisoned.

But that treasure has to be located first.

More than a million wells have been drilled for oil through the earth's surface during the last ninety years.

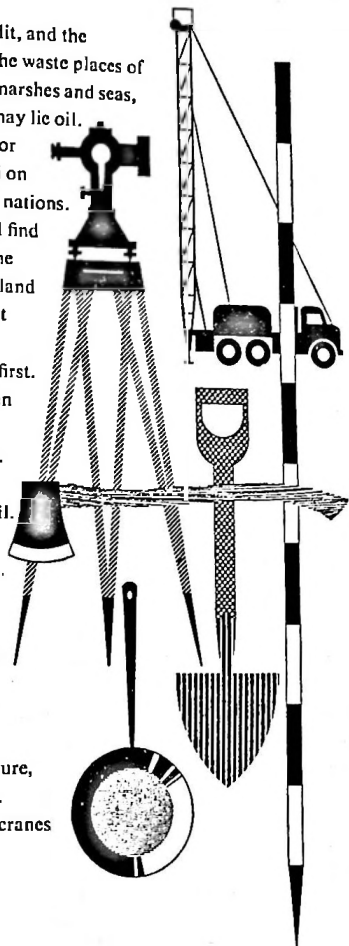
But only a fraction of these exploratory drillings have found oil.

Shell Research is constantly advancing the science of oil-finding.

Today the aeroplane, the helicopter and the seismograph (measuring waves from man-made earthquakes) help the geologist, the geophysicist, the mineralogist and the palaeontologist.

The search for oil is still an adventure, still an advance into the unknown.

The oilmen are like the migrating cranes in Homer, settling ever onwards.



research backs the pioneers

THE SHELL PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED, ST. HELEN'S COURT, LONDON, E.C.3

◆ FILLING A GAP ◆

by TOM C. GOUGH

A new experiment in bridge-building
made in the true Toc H tradition

FINDING GAPS in the Social Services today is like finding the proverbial needle in the haystack, but in Birmingham we believe we have found one. On the good old principle that "prevention is better than cure", we are setting out to provide the right associations and home life for boys and youths whose present circumstances are heading them straight for delinquency—but who have not officially got there yet!

Our friends in the Education, Welfare and Probation Services tell us that they come across very many cases of boys who are obviously in need of the right sort of home, friendly interest and guidance, to prevent them following the way of their undesirable associates.

Have you noticed also the many cases quoted in the Press of boys apprehended or detained as being in need of care and attention, and who have to be sent to Remand Homes or Institutions because there is no other accommodation for them? In such cases the so-far-innocent have to associate with the guilty—which is just asking for future trouble.

House secured

Now the Bridgehead Association—appropriately so called—was formed to fill this gap. With a few Toc H old sweats, a leavening of Rotarians and Rover Scouts, the Chief Probation Officer, and other 'interested parties', the project got under way. The first premises that came our way were found to be unsuitable. They were sold and the search continued. In the meantime interest grew and a nucleus of a fund was built up in various ways. Now a fine old house has been secured.

A Toc H member and his wife, both architects, volunteered to help, and their enthusiasm and skill will be invaluable. Committees are getting busy on furniture and equipment. The vital gap, however, remains to be filled—a first-class Warden and his wife to act as mother and father to the new family, and to provide the vital ingredients for success. It

would be just fine if Toc H could find us the ideal couple. The project, of course, is a registered charity, and the finance in the hands of most competent trustees. We can see our way to make a start as soon as the house is ready and staffed. Although it will be partly self-supporting, the project will need further financial support if it is to grow and develop so that the pressing need for this preventive service may continue to be met adequately. The Honorary Secretary is Gill Harrison, 78 Broughton Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, 21.

BRATHAY

by GEOFF MARTIN

I USED TO TEST motor car starters for a living, but it did not last long. You know the sort of thing: Take a starter in your left hand and place it on a stand, hold two leads against the terminals with your right hand, press a switch with your left hand and then look at a dial. If the needle passed a red line the starter was a good one and you placed it on the pile on the right: if the needle failed to reach the red line it was a bad one, and you placed it on the left. Time, 25 seconds. With two minutes tuition a brand new Wolf Cub could do it just as efficiently. No, not quite, for he would have had to use two hands to lift the starter, and that would have added five seconds to the operation.

I thought of all this as, last in the line but at my own pace. I puffed up Fairfield in August behind a party of boys fresh from industry, sweating up the Lakeland slopes in a hot sun and scrambling down rocks where the path became rougher. We pulled on anoraks with hoods well over our heads when the wind blew too piercingly. Then came the jolting drop down to Ambleside, the invasion of a tea-shop for long gaily-coloured drinks from bottles, and deep contentment shared with friends who were strangers two days before. This was "Life"! and the look on our faces must have confirmed it.

And in the evening the sailing instructor taught us how in theory to avoid being knocked overboard by an uncontrolled jibe and how to stop when you haven't any brakes. The next day the sailing party tried to practise on Windermere

what he had preached in the lounge, and oddly enough it was more difficult than it looked.

This sort of thing goes on every day at Brathay Hall, Ambleside in Westmorland, where more and more firms are sending their boys for a twenty-eight days' course in adventurous community living, vigorous, creative and educational in



"... a party of boys fresh from industry"

the really significant sense. That, of course, is the real object of Brathay, to take boys who test starters or earn their living in other ways, and among hills and lakes give them a chance to test themselves and discover their latent powers of leadership. A course is carefully planned but the planning is disguised by a disarming informality, and during the period each team of eight or nine boys is given everything Brathay has to offer—painting, sailing, carpentry, forestry, walking, all under the tutelage of trained instructors. They go into the hills on a three-day scheme too, but that more exacting

experience is reserved for the last week, by which time physique and morale have been toned up to the necessary pitch.

As with Toc H, the basis of Brathay is Christian, and as with much of Toc H it is terribly difficult to know just what this means in practice, apart from the fact that short prayers are held in the hall every morning, for which attendance is



A sailing party sets out from the boathouse to board the ketch in the hay
entirely voluntary. But you can easily imagine how the whole strenuous, friendly set-up awakens in the average boy a number of feelings and powers which, if preserved, may colour his whole life.

A first-rate off-shoot of Brathay is its Exploration Group, which some of the picked boys are invited to join. The Exploration Group does real research work. There is no make-believe about it. You may find yourself mapping the sandbanks near the estuaries of Lakeland rivers during the holidays, or joining an expedition to Iceland or Norway.

There is another thing too, 'Old boys' are encouraged to

keep their association with the place by returning for their holidays to fend for themselves in a separate house on the estate. The administration is of the flexible type which welcomes the company of experienced volunteers who can "help out" for a week or two.

It is obviously impossible to do justice to this exciting enterprise in a JOURNAL-length article, but there is no doubt that Toc H generally, and especially members who are employers, would do well to get at least on nodding terms. Write, therefore, to John Doogan, the Warden, and ask him for some literature: if you get an opportunity call there yourself. You will not taste its full flavour but you will begin to realise all that a boy feels when in his workshop he takes time off to think momentarily of "Brathay".



ARCHBISHOP AND JUDGE

The Archbishop of Canterbury, a President of Toc H with Mr. Henry Willink, Q.C., who is also a Vice-President of Toc H, at the latter's installation as Dean of the Court of Arches at Lambeth Palace last month.

15/- NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

- Savings Certificates are a gilt-edged investment. The present (9th issue) Certificates may be bought in single documents representing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 20, 50 and 100 units of 15/- each.
- You may hold 1,000 of these 15/- units in addition to permitted holdings of Certificates of earlier issues.
- All interest earned on Savings Certificates is free of Income Tax.
- Each Certificate costs 15/- and becomes 20/3d. in 10 years. £750 invested in 1,000 Certificates becomes £1,012 10s. od. in 10 years.
- Over the 10 year period the interest earned is equivalent to over 3 per cent. per annum. As it is free of Income Tax this is equivalent to a taxable investment yielding over 5½ per cent. for any person paying Income Tax at the standard rate of 8/6 in the £.
- All National Savings Certificates which are more than 10 years old continue to earn good interest.
- Full information from your stockbroker, banker or other professional adviser, and from your Local Savings Committee, Savings Centre, Post Office, or Trustee Savings Bank.

EASY to buy ... **EASY** to hold ... **EASY** to cash

MULTUM | MUCH IN PARVO | IN LITTLE

☞ On December 11 and 12 this year Toc H celebrates its fortieth birthday and TUBBY his seventieth.

☞ BRANCHES the world over, mindful of these two anniversaries and thankful for them, are offering the signatures of all their members to be placed on permanent record and presented in bound volumes with a token of united good wishes to their Founder Padre on his birthday.

☞ Some friends of Tubby in the City of London, led by Mr. OLAF HAMBRO, are making him a birthday gift of £10,000. This is to help Tubby to realize his fond wish of seeing the national and world headquarters of Toc H moved to its intended site on Tower Hill, close by the Guild Church of All Hallows. There the headquarters of the Women's Association could be brought under the same roof.

☞ During the week-end of December 10 and 11, THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT will be observed at 9 p.m. by local time—on the Saturday in the half of the world west of Greenwich and on the Sunday in the half westward of the Pacific Ocean, each Branch in succession as the world turns.

☞ Many teams of men and women, including one in the Upper Room at Poperinge, birth-place of the Movement, will be keeping VIGIL during the twenty-four hours that start at their own time in each part of the world when it will be 9 p.m. by Greenwich mean time on Saturday, December 10.

☞ Acting in unison every hour, each team will have a COMMON THEME to follow if it chooses, and will pray in turn for that part of Toc H where it will then be 9 p.m. by local time. Thus those standing to for the World Chain of Light will be reinforced at that hour by those maintaining the Vigil, wherever they may be. BUILDERS and other friends of Toc H are invited to take part during one or more of the twenty-four hours ending when it will be 9 p.m., G.M.T., on Sunday, December 11.

☞ The exchange of PERSONAL LETTERS now with near and distant members will be specially helpful, so that news of needs and hopes and the many causes for thanksgiving may be made known to those on guard at the time of the birthday.

✱ While last year was notable for the reception of the Forward Committee's report, published under the title "Something to Bite On", and this year for the further thought and action it aroused, 1956 will be the year of "POWER CONFERENCES" in a dozen centres in the United Kingdom. Each Branch will be asked to take a share by priming and sending its representatives to one of them and by giving time afterwards to absorbing their report and message. Action affecting the Branch's own plans should arise. Towards this the fortieth birthday is an act of preparation. *Laus Deo.*

ARMISTICE DAY IN TANGANYIKA

by JOAN DAVIS

An impression of Armistice Day observance in a small town in East Africa, written by a niece of the Founder Padre.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY was blazing hot as usual. Strange to think of people shivering round the Cenotaph, while here the sun beats mercilessly on the hard brown earth.

We set off for the town in our safari wagon; one of the rare occasions in this part of the world when the women wear gloves and the men wear their English hats. The little grey church, where the preliminary service takes place, is cool and dark to enter. The Government Officers arrive in their smart white uniforms, wearing their swords, which threaten to make sitting and kneeling well nigh impossible when added to the extreme tightness of their well-cut trousers. They lower themselves cautiously into their seats and the service begins. Lessons are read, prayers said, familiar hymns are sung, and we troop out again into the sunshine.

Round the Memorial Clock Tower gathers the assorted population of the little town to pay respects. As we walk to join the crowd we hear the European officer of the small African Police Force shouting commands to his men. "Forward March! Left Wheel!" And then again with rising exasperation. "Left Wheel! LEFT WHEEL!!". Evidently the police are inclined to march round in circles. But at last they are drawn up in position, the officer stands them at ease and mops his brow.

The troop of Girl Guides, composed of young girls of the

Indian community, stands smartly to one side. One of them faints in the heat and has to be escorted away. The crowd of Africans in shorts or lungi, scornfully disregarding the rays of the sun on their bare heads, waits, chattering, for this ceremony of the mad white man. The Indian citizens collect together anxious to do their part.

We stand around in what shade we can find, watching the clock, and waiting for the Provincial Commissioner. At last he arrives, resplendent in white and gold, crowned by an enormous topee. We all wait again. This time for the sound of the gun that signifies the commencement of the two minutes silence. The African, by nature, does not worry unduly about Time, so that our respectful silence begins several minutes late! However, we observe it in due course, albeit shattered once by a small child's shrill query to its mother.

Now we watch the police present arms, and hear the bugler wavering through the *Last Post*. The Provincial Commissioner is presented with his wreath which he lays at the foot of the steps, and others, representing many different races and creeds, follow suit.

We sing *O God our Help in Ages Past*, our English voices seeming to be lost in the great expanse of Africa. The Chaplain says a prayer. Poor man, he stands bare-headed under the glare, and his cassock and surplice look very hot. The *Reveille* is rather slow and long-drawn out, but in swift contrast the Native Authority Middle School Band puts all its heart into *God Save the Queen*, played on drums and whistles with a triangle being smitten triumphantly at all the right moments. It sounds rather like a musical box. The officers leave in state and we lay our own tributes; not all poppies, but many vivid tropical flowers to add their colour.

The police march off, the sergeant shouting "Left! Right!" and swinging his arms like a guardsman. Next the British Legion, consisting of a dozen or so of ex-K.A.R.'s led by a warm-looking European civilian, and then the School Band in all its glory. The leader of the Band twirls his stick with relish. Unfortunately he knocks his hat off at the same time but this is safely recovered and off they go in style. The crowd slowly disperses, and we repair exhausted to the Club house in search of a cool drink, and to admire each others hats.

I am sure that the Glorious Dead, whom we recall today with true sincerity in our modest fashion, have watched our efforts with kindly amusement and complete understanding.

Notts and Derby Festival

by GEORGE H. GIBSON

PREACHING FROM THE TEXT "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus", the Rt. Rev. M. P. G. Leonard, Bishop of Thetford, spoke to some 300 members of the Notts & Derby Area at their Festival Service held in the Cathedral at Derby on Saturday, October 1. Making reference to the words of Christ in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew where the emphasis is on "But I say unto you" as against what was then public opinion, he brought his hearers right up-to-date with present-day public opinion and God's word for men today. Man's first duty is to do God's will and not his own. This is God's world and not man's. Man is an immortal soul not a creature of time. The Church believes man is a fallen creature with a bias towards evil ; not a popular doctrine according to public opinion. God's word and man's opinion are still irreconcilable. The standards Christ set are still against popular opinion of the present day. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" is still the challenge to us all.

The Mayor and Mayoress attended the service and later took tea at Mark XXI. The Family Gathering afterwards was in every sense a variety show. A sing-song, a performance by members of the Southgate Youth Club, stories from 'Pat' Leonard, followed by more variety left all too little time for the speaker, Jack Shaw, West Midlands Area Secretary. This was a pity for what little we heard from Jack only made us wish for more. Jack's theme was 'Hope'. In spite of a changing world, in spite of so much to depress us, there still remained much for which we could hope. Small groups of men meeting together in Toc H units have a great contribution to make in the world in which they find themselves. To hope in God's love, God's purpose and God's plan was not futile but a positive contribution.

There were fun and games for the children and plenty of high-hearted happiness for the adults. This is but a bare outline of what was a time of great inspiration to all present. Frank Pickworth, Area Chairman, presided, Les Wheatley took 'Light', and Canon 'Dick' Craig led our home-going Prayers. We came away feeling that Toc H still has a great contribution to make in the life of the community.

ON THE DOT

by THE EDITOR

MOST MEMBERS have first-hand knowledge of the quiet heroism of sightless men and women, determined that their affliction shall in no way prevent them taking a full share in communal activities and the family life in many Toc H units is enriched by blind members, some of whom are office-holders.

So far as the printed word is concerned, it is a distressing thought that they are dependent on its being read to them and the suggestion is frequently put forward that there should be a special monthly issue of the JOURNAL printed in Braille. Unfortunately, the present high cost of production makes this impossible, but as the next best thing, a yearly selection of representative articles taken from these pages is prepared for Braille printing.

It is now the turn of *Toc H Annual No. 6* to be well and truly launched, or rather 'put to bed', for publication is planned for mid-December, in time for Christmas presentation. This is what it has to offer blind readers:

TOC H BRAILLE ANNUAL—No. 6

'Dear Reader. . . '	The Editor
<i>Seeds of Greatness</i>	John Callf
<i>Remembrance</i>	Barclay Baron
<i>A Guide to Living</i>	B. H. Liddell Hart
<i>The Name of the Child</i>	Charles Potts
<i>Escape Story</i>	Geoff Martin
<i>The Underlying Purpose</i>	Mayne Elson
<i>Race Relations</i>	J. Emmerson
<i>Past Eighty (verse)</i>	W. Barry Cassell
<i>Festival Preachment</i>	P. B. Clayton
<i>The New Undernourished</i>	Alec Churcher
<i>Confessions of a Commentator</i>	Ron Else
<i>The Purpose of Jobs</i>	John Wilson
<i>Walls that Speak</i>	F. G. Chesworth
<i>A Day at Farnham</i>	Dudley Herring
<i>Chapel in the Meadow</i>	I. Wyn Roberts
<i>Walking the Plank in Malaya</i>	Bob Preston
<i>The Christian's Text-book</i>	Sam Evans
<i>Service in Song</i>	J. Neilly
<i>Our New Member</i>	Stan Emery

We are greatly indebted to the Royal National Institute for the Blind for again undertaking the production of this

volume and the cost will be 21s. 0d., postage free. Apart from personal gifts made by members and Branches, some Districts and Areas combine to buy a copy for local circulation on loan. As the edition is a limited one it is advisable to send in orders as soon as possible.

'HUNGRY MEN'

by **JOHNNIE MACMILLAN**

Area Secretary, Toc H Scotland

ONE CONTINUALLY HEARS, "that if only we could get the facts about the large issues in our world situation, we could then do something about them". Fair enough! In the new book *Hungry Men* there are facts about the World Poverty issue, and the hope is that something will be done about it. At least much more than is being done at present. Toc H is a movement of men and women whose concern is for persons, and one of our statements is 'To Love Widely'; here is a real chance to exercise that love. Some two-thirds of this, our world, is in need of assistance in regard to its daily bread.

This book has some hard facts and if we are really keen to do something about this most important issue, it also points to other literature which will assist us further in fact finding. The trouble is that fact finding can be an escape from doing something about this awful problem, which in many ways is more terrifying than the Hydrogen Bomb. If the bomb drops the chances are that all of this world's problems will be at an end, but if we do nothing *now* about World Poverty, the worst kind of war will be our lot.

Here is a real job for the Movement to get down to, either personally or corporately, by identifying ourselves with this great sore, and by our identification prove that Christian society has a real desire to assist the 'two-thirds' to win by their own efforts a rightful place in this world. The book, *Hungry Men*, costs 5s. and can be had from the Livingstone Press, 42 Broadway, London, S.W.1.

Get it, and read it, and talk about this great problem to your Branch, to other Branches, to your M.P., and get involved through the United Nations Association in the many schemes for the recovery of places that are in dire need.

BRANCH BANNERS

XV EATON (Norwich)

Contributed by THOMAS F. WORDEN

DURING THE LESS spectacular fighting in Italy, before Cassino, the RSM of a Provost Company of the Military Police was faced with an unexpected



problem. The Mayor of an Italian town who was anxious to save it from any harm or possibly destruction by a victorious enemy, asked the RSM to exercise whatever authority he had to prevent that almost always unavoidable wave of crime which follows 'occupation'. The Mayor had no impressive bunch of keys to offer, no escort of Carabinieri, but he had a beautiful

banner; one of those very lovely things which the Italians produced in such numbers during the Mussolini régime. The theme emblazoned on the banner was agricultural; superimposed on the glittering green, white and red silk was a shock of ripe corn, the Fascist emblem and a lot of impressive lettering—all worked out in gold thread. This then was the symbol of surrender. The RSM accepted it in all good faith and the banner of the 'umpteenth' Division of the Fascist "Victory through Work" Party passed eventually into the possession of a Toc H member in Norwich.

Eaton Branch wanted a banner but in those awkward postwar days—the days of real austerity, ersatz coffee, imitation leather and "Sorry, these are not yet being manufactured"—improvisation or temporary disappointment was all that one could expect, so improvisation it had to be!

The black silk reverse panel of the Fascist banner was carefully removed from the glittering obverse—gold wire letters equally carefully cut away from high sounding titular Italian and sewed on to the reverse panel now transformed into the obverse and a motif also introduced.

As Eaton is included in the Norwich City Area, some heraldic device was inevitable and something with a City connection. Norwich Branch Toc H displayed the City Arms on their Banner but with a little ingenuity and a fragment of heraldic knowledge, Eaton arrived at a simple solution—*gules, a lion rampant or*—just that! The red shield of Norwich City, minus the Castle (which we in Eaton don't want anyway) and a fighting lion instead of the *lion passant guardant* or of the City escutcheon.

FAR CRY

NOTES AND NEWS FROM DISTANT PARTS



Contributed by GEOFF MARTIN

TOC H FANARA

THE FOLLOWING letter is reproduced not because it pays a tribute to the former Commissioner of Toc H in the Canal Zone but because it obviously comes from the hearts of a small number of Egyptian members who, though in considerable isolation, are determined to preserve Toc H.

Fanara, 10th September, 1955.

We would like you to know, it is with great sorrow that we say farewell to our 'Toc H' Commissioner. It was through his efforts that we Egyptian Christians were brought to know 'Toc H' and later become members.

It was first in 1950, that Mr. Frank came down to 'Gordon Camp' each Wednesday evening to lead us in our Weekly Service and give a short sermon, there were each week 20 or 30 taking part in this mid-week Service, and when the service was over Mr. Frank would talk to us about 'Toc H' and so in a few months the first all Egyptian (Coptic) Group was formed in 1950.

His departure to Cyprus is a sad blow to our Christian Community, and we will promise, with God's help, to continue in the way he has

taught us, so that he can always be proud of the Egyptian Members of 'Toc H'. We wish him God Speed and hope he will continue his work for 'Toc H', and we are certain that wherever he is, it will not be long before there will be a group of men who will be a willing, hard-working, and very happy community.

Sir, we thank you for all Mr. Frank has done for us during the past five years, and may God continue to bless 'Toc H' and Mr. Frank.

Yours, sincerely,

NASSIF KHILLA GIRGIS.

EDWARD S. SHOUKRY.

"LET'S CALL HIM 'SAMMY' "

Early in 1952 the JOURNAL published under the above title the story of how Southgate Branch had been instrumental in rendering aid when it was desperately needed by a Nigerian student in London. Things had gone hardly with him—set-backs of health and colour; city offices did not want him; shift work he could not undertake because of his all-important evening studies; he was poorly fed and inadequately clothed—day and night—in our unfriendly climate; and he was in debt.

The Branch was convinced that he was a brave man and a good man, and it was our privilege to help him, financially and in kind, through many long and dreary months. Engine-cleaning at Paddington (seven days a week!) lasted only while the railwaymen were on holiday. At last we found decent regular work for him, but this of course still meant long hours of labour and long nights of study.

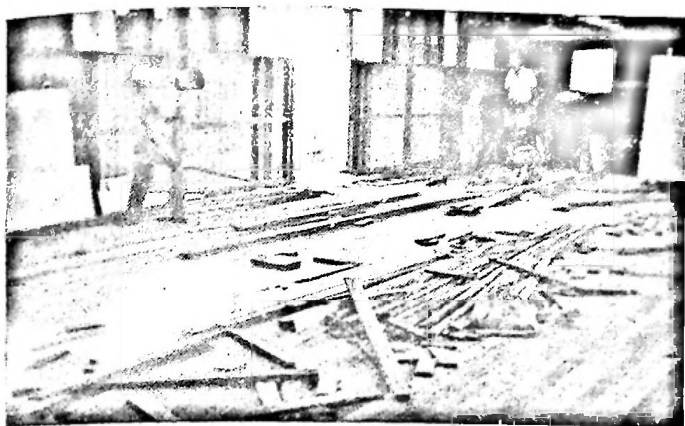
The sequel can now be written. The presence in London of a Nigerian minister led to a Government grant which enabled Sammy to devote all his energies to study, and so to earn at the end of four years a second class B.A. Honours degree at London University.

He was now equipped and eager to start the teaching work upon which he had set his heart, but the Nigerian Government's opinion of him evidently agreed with ours; they asked him to stay here one more year at their expense, to specialise in different branches of administration and education, and this has meant spells in various parts of England, at Uppsala, and with Unesco in Paris.

Now at last he is on the high seas; his first engagement at Lagos is with his nearest relations at a special service in a chapel of the Cathedral; and at his home town the people who five years ago helped to raise his passage money are to turn out *en masse* to meet him. Where? In their church, to thank God that Sammy is home again.

His farewell words to us were that whatever the future may hold for him, he will never forget the part Toc H played in building it.

EDWIN WARWICK.



SEVEN HOURS' JOB

The new Methodist Church Hall in Medina, Western Australia, needed a floor. The Toc H group told members of the Certified Carpenters' Institute, and the professionals joined with the amateurs to complete the job in seven hours.

OMNES FRATRES* ASSOCIATION

Founded in the prisoner-of-war camps in Germany, and still managed by its founder, Abbe Pernot, the "Omnes Fratres" Association seeks a better understanding of truth, love and good-will, and helps foster friendship among all nations and individuals. The Society also promotes private homes or groups of homes, known as "Carthusian Family Homes", like the Carthusian convents and consisting of one or more united families where the individual lives to promote the welfare of the community by learning and practising a trade.

"Omnes Fratres" is spreading widely in foreign countries, and welcomes new members, no matter what their religious convictions. Any Toc H member who is interested is invited to write (enclosing an International answer-coupon—obtainable at your Post Office) to: "Omnes Fratres", 13 rue St-Marc, Orleans, France.

* All Brothers.

The Elder Brethren

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them

ATKINS.—On October 3, Lt.-Col. GEOFFREY WILLOUGHBY ATKINS, M.C., late 1/15th Punjab Regiment, member of Toc H War Services staff in India, 1944-47.

AUSTIN.—On September 15, ALFRED GORDON AUSTIN, aged 56, a member of Ruislip Branch. Elected 24.6.'31.

BROOKSBANK.—On May 7, HUBERT BROOKSBANK, aged 52, a member of Bedlington Branch. Elected 24.1.'52.

CLEGG.—On August 17, ARTHUR HERBERT CLEGG, aged 64, a member of Wallasey Branch. Elected 14.6.'45.

COLGROVE.—On September 19, FREDERICK HIRAM COLGROVE, aged 84, a member of Kentish Town Branch. Elected 9.1.'48.

CURNOW.—On August 3, THOMAS HARRIS CURNOW, aged 55, a member of Bedwas Branch. Elected 4.10.'50.

FOWELL.—On September 26, JOHN THOMAS FOWELL, aged 71, a member of Boscombe Branch. Elected 28.11.'50.

LEWIS.—On June 24, Canon JOHN TREVOR LEWIS, aged 72, the Padre of Northampton Branch. Elected 12.3.'30.

MASON.—On August 5, WILLIAM FENWICK MASON, aged 70, a member of Bedlington Branch. Elected 1.1.'51.

MEADS.—On September 1, WESLEY MEADS, aged 49, formerly of Sawley Branch (Notts) and a member of Boscombe Branch. Elected 16.4.'36.

PHILLIPS.—On August 31, as a result of an accident, THOMAS LLEWELLYN PHILLIPS, aged 55, a member of Llanbradach Branch. Elected 31.1.'42.

SHANNON.—On September 11, WALTER SHANNON, aged 55, a member of Plymstock Branch. Elected 20.9.'49.

SUFFIELD.—On August 23, GEORGE ARTHUR SUFFIELD, aged 60, a member of Whitby Branch. Elected 1.3.'25.

TWIZZEL.—On September 2, WILLIAM TWIZZEL, aged 58, a member of Newbiggin-by-Sea Branch. Elected 24.6.'53.

VAN WALLEGHEM.—On September 25, Dr. JOSEPH VAN WALLEGHEM, Burgomaster of Poperinge, a member of the Anglo-Belgian Association de Talbot House and a good friend of Toc H.

WARD.—On October 1, JOHN WARD, the Chairman of Trowbridge Branch. Elected 10.5.'35.

WILSON.—On September 29, Colonel the Rt. Hon. Sir LESLIE ORME WILSON, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., D.S.O., aged 79, formerly President of Toc H in Australia. Elected 15.3.'32.



FROM ALL PARTS *DIRECT from AREAS*



NORTH WESTERN—For some years past Preston have been making toys for distribution at Christmas to a local Children's Home. This summer they sought the aid of the Women's Association Branch in taking fifty-five of these children on a canal trip and picnic. The new venture proved highly successful, and they are now planning a visit to the pantomime at Christmas. F.J.G.

YORKSHIRE—On September 24/25, the Cottingham Weekend rally took place and about 150 men and women from all over the county attended. Speakers were Rev. H. Leggate and J. MacMillan, and they did us proud.

York celebrated their thirtieth birthday on October 15, with Guest-speaker Geoff Martin, and a free tea. Woodlands (Doncaster) are starting again in October. Bridlington have entertained for a day over a hundred disabled persons from Hull. Hopes are entertained for new units this autumn at Cleckheaton and Bailiff Bridge (Brighouse), both in the industrial area of Yorkshire. J.W.M.

N. LONDON—The members at Chalk Farm celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the Branch with a Rededication Service followed by a Social at which they entertained some of the "older generation", whose welfare they have much at heart. At the other end of the scale, a new group at Barnet has just received its rushlight; during the evening a play was presented by members of the Barnet Blind Club. The Area has a new Secretary who as yet knows nothing about anything. More news next month—we hope. M.B.E.

MANCHESTER—At Cheadle Hulme a Branch member recently stood sponsor at the initiations of his two sons. The Branch assisted to raise the local record sum of £145 recently for B.E.L.R.A.

A Hospital Commentaries Association has been launched in Stoke with local district members prominent.

The recent visit by Alec Churcher has stimulated interest in Schools with high hopes of future affiliations.

Marksman at Mark XIV have cleared a "wilderness" and dug, rolled and sown a doubles tennis court. G.L.L.

WEST MIDLANDS—Sandwell Branch took the members of their Blind Club on an Outing to London, which included a visit to the House of Commons, a river trip, a description of the Tower by the Chief Warder and a coach tour round London. The officials of London Transport were particularly helpful. The most successful outing so far reflects great credit on Eric Timms and his helpers and many generous friends. J.H.M.S.

OXFORD & THAMES VALLEY—The Rector of East Woodhay, (near Newbury) and a dynamic Highland gardener there discovered that they both knew Toc H. They have started what promises to be a really lively group—Secretary, George Foster, Gardener's Cottage, 'Barn Croft', East Woodhay, Near Newbury, Berks. O.M.W.

LAKELAND—The annual area training week-end took place at the Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, during the last week-end in September. The weather was unkind, for only the second time in eight successive years at the same venue, but this did not preclude a fairly representative attendance from the whole area. The visiting guest and speaker was Jack Shaw who spoke on "Our Personal Responsibility" and subsequently animated group discussion failed to evade the main issues involved! The value of such week-ends at the level of personal meeting cannot be over-estimated, but we are also hopeful that the new insights gained and experiences undergone will have their repercussions in Branch life during the months ahead.

I.F.

SUSSEX—Meetings have now started at **Bexhill** and there are signs of real promise here. **Wishborough Green** now have a most useful meeting place of their own, offering great scope for many activities. Though the **North Sussex** versus **South Sussex** Cricket Match at **Haywards Heath** was probably in a class of its own, a very enjoyable time was had by all.

C.A.C.

LINCOLNSHIRE—On the south edge of the Area and only a few miles from Peterborough the **Glington** Branch and Women's Association Branch have installed a television set for a lady who has been bedridden most of her life. The members have also undertaken a house-to-house collection for the National Institute for the Blind.

S.R.B.

SOUTH WESTERN—The South Western Area Conference was held at Westward Ho! on October 1/2 when slightly over two hundred members attended. Our theme "Man and his work" was ably dealt with by Harry Gell and Iain Fraser and the whole week-end was enjoyed by all present, and was a terrific inspiration to the Area as a whole.

On October 3 our newest Branch, **Budleigh Salterton**, received their Lamp, when the Branches of the East Devon District gathered with them to congratulate and wish them well.

G.A.F.

MARCHES—Eight of its founder members were present when **Wem** Branch celebrated its Twenty-first Birthday recently. **Chirk** Branch celebrated their Twenty-first Birthday on October 11, when the Guest Speaker was Padre Ken Oliver.

T.R.

NORTHERN—A Wild West Show, "Go West, Young Man" was run by **Bishop Auckland** as part of the town's Festival Week. A hut near the railway station is now the 'home' of **Redcar** Branch, and **Coundon** Branch have also moved into a room of their own. **Ryton** and **Houghton-le-Spring** Branches teamed-up to give **Houghton** children a day's outing in the country. **Cleveland** District recently organised an outing, an annual event, for blind friends. **Hetton-le-Hole** and **Penshaw** Branches have both held Garden Parties to aid the Family Purse and **Newbiggin-by-Sea** have again run a Michaelmas Fair. During July and August members of **Newcastle** Branch were responsible for the Sunday Services in the Infirmary chapel. A new group **Durham City** has made a welcome appearance and is now getting into its stride.

C.V.Y.

SOUTHERN—Bishop Vernon Smith, one of our Vice-Presidents, presented the Lamp to **Grouville** Branch in September, amid great rejoicing for this means that there are now two Branches in the Isle of Jersey.

A.S.G.

LONDON—The Toc H London Male Voice Choir will once again be carolling at Victoria Station on behalf of the National Children's Homes, and Railway Orphanage. Support in the form of singers (male) and collectors would be greatly appreciated. Dates, December 19, 20, 22, 23, commencing 7.45 p.m. J.N.

EAST MIDLANDS—**Hinckley** Branch have undertaken to operate the switchboard each evening at the local hospital in order that the Nursing Staff may continue their duties in the Wards. **Peterborough** District completed their summer season of outings by taking a party of Mental patients to the sea for a day. For many of the patients this is their only outing and is talked about for weeks before and afterwards. C.S.

SCOTLAND—A special Guest-night, to mark the semi-jubilee of **Falkirk Central** Branch was held on September 26. The Chairman, **Andrew Young**, gave a brief history of the Branch from its inception and mentioned that four members were present who had each twenty-years membership,—**Andrew Bain**, **John G. Davidson**, **Bill Forsyth** and **Walter MacLaren**. E.C.F.

WESTERN—**Cheltenham** Branch arranged an outing to Tetbury of two coach loads of blind people who were entertained to tea by members of Tetbury Branch.

West Mendip District men and women members took a party of Mentally Deficient children for a very successful seaside outing. In the evening they were given tea and entertainment by the **Milton Branch**.

Twerton Branches (men and women) took a party of children from local Homes to the seaside where **Weston-super-Mare** Branch provided tea.

Mark IX has given a farewell party to **Harry Gudgin** (late Hon. Warden) at which past and present Marksmen wished him well in his new vocation. He has now left to train for the Ministry at **St. Aidan's Theological College, Birkenhead**.

The Toc H Bristol Hospital Broadcast Society held the annual collection on the Bristol Rovers' Football ground on September 10 and collected the amazing sum of £218. W.F.B.

THE VIGIL AT TALBOT HOUSE

The experience of taking part in the Vigil in the Upper Room will be long remembered by those who were there last December. This year a similar party, limited to ten men and women, will travel to Poperinge on Friday afternoon, December 9, or on the Saturday morning, to join with our Belgian members in maintaining the Vigil from 9 p.m. on the Saturday until 9 p.m. on the Sunday. **Padre Norman Motley** and **Cyril Cattell** will lead this party, and those who wish to do so may return overnight on Sunday. The total cost will be in the region of £7 10s. 0d. from London to London.

Those members who wish to join the team should apply without delay to **C. A. Cattell**, **St. Catherine's**, **Highfield Road**, **East Grinstead**, **Sussex**.

FROM ALL PARTS

JACK'S PLAQUE

While on holiday in the Orkneys this summer Jack Clark, Houses Secretary, was persuaded to compete in the local Flower Show. The result is told in these amusing verses by Mrs. B. M. Waltheu, a daughter of his host, P. N. Sutherland Graeme.

Some rise to fame through valiant deeds
As history has shown;
I fain would tell of one of those
Whose exploits are unknown.

A modest man was Mr. Clark,
Known to his friends as 'Jack.'
While others pushed themselves in front
His seat was at the back.

When visiting the Orkney Isles
He thought, "I'll do my part
By entering for the Flower Show
To test my floral art."

So, cap on head, he filled a bowl
And showed the genius born
By intermingling orange flowers
With ears of golden corn.

He took it to the Show by car
And left it with relief
Until the judging had been done
By Mrs. I. Moncrieff.

She gave first prize to Mr. Clark
Awarding to the same
A medal-bronze reserved for those
Destined for heights of fame.

And then he nearly swooned with joy
To find he'd also got
A money prize donated by
Boot merchant Mr. Scott.

But when he went to claim his dues
The stewards, pale with terror,
Informed him that they feared there'd been
A catastrophic error.

And when Jack realised from their words
How grave was the mistake—
He *hadn't* won the money prize—
He feared his heart would break.

He thought of all he'd hoped to buy
Financed by Mr. Scott.
The Country Seat—the Park Lane flat—
The racing car—the yacht.

And then, true sportsman that he was,
He realised in a flash
The honour of a medal won
Was greater than mere cash.

So let us now praise famous men
And laud Jack Hailey Clark
For winning at the Orkney Show
A horticultural plâque;
Or if you would prefer it so
Just simply honour Jack
For winning at The Orkney Show
A horticultural plâque.

—B.M.W.



IN THE MARKET PLACE

Mr. Sydney Grice, a fifty-four-year-old partly-blind West Bromwich market stall holder was among the happy thousands holidaying at Blackpool this year. For ten years a member of the blind club run by Sandwell Branch, his business was temporarily taken over by Toc H members, who did the same thing last year—and increased his turnover.

A Captain in Retreat

by 'DOC' BARTON

TUBERCULOSIS, the Great White Plague, the Scourge of Civilisation, the chief of John Bunyan's Captains of the Men of Death, is in full retreat. Modern Medicine and modern standards of healthy living have got him on the run. In 1650, the time of the Civil War in England, just three centuries ago, consumption was reckoned to be responsible for one death in every five in the City of London. In 1939 over twenty-five thousand people in England and Wales died from tuberculosis; in 1953, the latest year for which official figures have been published, the corresponding number was 8,902. There is every reason to hope that this remarkable decline in deaths will be continued.

Is this then a suitable moment for the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis to be publishing books and booklets? In my opinion the answer to that question is definitely yes. The better informed the public is in this matter the more likely is the improvement to be maintained; we shall understand more clearly how it has been brought about and what part we, the public, can play in helping to keep the enemy on the run until he is finally chased out of the country.

The two books* under review are good samples of N.A.P.T. publications. One, the *Whys and Wherefores* is written by a doctor, the other by a layman skilled in presenting technical information to ordinary people; he is, in fact, a broadcaster of some repute. Both books are of general interest to the man in the street and the woman in the home, but of more particular interest to the large number of people now in the process of recovering from pulmonary tuberculosis.

Mass Radiography is examining over fifty thousand chests a week in this country, out of which some two hundred may be found with signs of active disease. That means two hundred people a week ordered to rest, probably in bed, without feeling particularly ill, and perhaps resentful of the order.

*"*Whys and Wherefores in Tuberculosis*" by George Day, M.D.
(3s. 6d.)
"*Tuberculosis and the Individual*" by J. S. Campbell (5s. 0d.)

N.A.P.T., Tavistock House North, London, W.C.1.

For such impatient patients these books meet a real need. Good living, early diagnosis and modern treatment are the weapons with which tuberculosis is being defeated. All depend upon intelligent co-operation from an educated public. N.A.P.T. is helping to provide such education.

OPENING A TIN

by ISABEL G. BOBBETT

MOST OF US have, at some time or other, hastily opened a tin for a meal, but have you ever opened a tin for a holiday? If not, here's the opportunity to do something different from what you've ever done before.

Under a scheme launched by the National Association for the Paralysed, some four hundred tins for Penny-a-Week subscriptions have been distributed all over the United Kingdom to provide funds for a hotel where physically handicapped people can go for a holiday. Many of these people, particularly those permanently chair-bound, are unable to get a holiday and the Association aims at having a hotel, equipped with all the necessary gadgets, rails, pulleys, lifts, wide doors etc. where they can go either with or without a helper. £1,400 has already been raised, chiefly by small contributions in the Penny-a-Week tins, which are sent to anyone on request. The tins, however, need opening, either when full or at the end of a year — and this is where you come in.

Responsible people are wanted to offer to act as Group Distributors: their job would be to visit the holders of tins as and when requested, open the tins, issue receipts and pay the money to the local Bank.

Do you think you could open a few tins during the year for someone else's holiday? If you know any of these handicapped folk, some of whom haven't had a holiday for years, you will certainly volunteer.

If you would be prepared to help, would you please let me have your name and address and some idea of the district you could cover? There might only be one or two tins in your locality but it would be a job well worth doing. Write to Miss Bobbett, 31 Herschell Road, Leigh-on-Sea.

CAPTAIN IN RETREAT

TOWER HILL PEOPLE

TOWER HILL, as anyone knows who has much frequented Forty-Two Trinity Square or Crutched Friars, has a traditional family feeling of its own. And it has its 'characters', as recognisable as those in any village and even including the horses, now becoming ever rarer, which looked to Tubby whenever he passed for a lump of sugar.

It is a few of these characters whose portraits Miss Macfie has from time to time sketched in articles in *The Log* or *The All Hallows Newsletter* and has now collected in a little booklet under the title of *Tower Hill People* (on sale at All Hallows or Crutched Friars, price 9d.). She has seen them with understanding, humour and affection and, having the pen of a ready writer, makes them come alive to the reader. To these sketches she adds one delightful war-time scene from the Orkneys (originally published in this JOURNAL).

The whole booklet was conceived as a gift for the membership in South America where 'Mac' is now travelling, but many of us at home will be glad of this chance to share it.



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LIVING TOGETHER

An Experiment in Branch Fellowship

by **GEORGE STOKOE**

Here is an account of how "an ordinary Branch in the Northern Area" stumbled upon a method of enriching and enlivening its fellowship.

IT ALL BEGAN six or seven years ago when Jack said in his slow and careful way that perhaps we should go away for a week-end. Jack was Branch Jobmaster so we all waited with caution as well as interest. He has many connections, for by day he is a probation officer, and it seemed that he had been offered the use of a hostel in the country for one week-end. This idea was that we ought to go there as a body and by living together learn to tolerate and respect one another and return to the Branch with a new vision and a new eagerness to live and spread the Toc H way of life.

It would be wrong to suggest that we all immediately fell in with the plan — we didn't by any means. There were married men with family responsibilities who felt that to hie off to the countryside was not the thing to do while their spouses were left to cope as best they could. It must also be said that there were some married men, particularly long married men, to whom the idea appealed greatly and who accepted with an alacrity which didn't commend married bliss to the younger and single members. However, after much discussion and deliberation, a week-end was planned for as many members who could get away. As sponsor of the scheme Jack was of course appointed camp leader; besides he fancied himself in the rôle of a benevolent and kindly uncle taking the kids away for a special treat. We were to cook and cater for ourselves and share expenses; at the hostel we were provided with bed and blankets. The hostel was previously a Friends Meeting House in a delightful old world village at the foot of the Cleveland Hills and has been converted into a hostel by a group of young Friends who used it at week-ends throughout the summer months.

How we enjoyed our first week-end of fellowship! There was the journey there made by the participants in a variety of ways; some by bus and some by tradesmen's vans, while the more affluent travelled luxuriously by private car. There

were grand walks along miles of eye-catching country with long stretches of brown and purple moorland. Memories too of satisfying, well-cooked meals at a well-laden table. The fun of companionship in the village hostelrys, where the lazy burr of the farmworkers' speech mingled with the pleasant thump of dart meeting board and the click of domino placed without hurry after due thought. Most stimulating of all were the spontaneous discussions after supper, when pipes were lit and drawing to satisfaction, and talk ranged far and wide. It was then that we touched on fundamentals, in the flickering fire-light and long past normal bedtime.

With the undisputed success of that first experiment in fellowship others have followed. Each year the plans are made, and off to the country go a representative number of Branch stalwarts, cares cast aside and old disputes forgotten. The faces change from year to year but the spirit remains and out of the fun and friendliness comes a deeper knowledge and appreciation of fellowship. You get to know — really know — the other chap and discover that what he says and thinks is of importance even if you don't quite agree with him. Old Harry doing the breakfast chores or Fred sweeping the bedrooms appear in a different light to the chaps they are in the Branch meeting room, and one can find it easier to like Stan after he's served up a grand lunch of sausage and mash, than when he vetoes that suggestion you had put forward for raising funds to provide free bowling facilities for retired town councillors!

No doubt the Branch has been fortunate that the premises have always been generously lent each year by the young Friends, but other Branches, given the casual good fortune that often attends the affairs of Toc H, could try similar week-end retreats. Sharing resources and being prepared to give and take in the best traditions of the Movement, brings out the finer qualities in men and refurbishes their Toc H ideals. Once the everyday worries are left behind and in the quiet and peace of unspoiled village life, where time passes without the mad haste of the busy town, men can take time to think and see more clearly urgent needs of present-day society.

Our Branch at least has learned much from these annual retreats. Without them we would be so much the poorer, not only in fellowship but in the practical application of our concern for the problems of the community in which we live and work and in which we are committed to play our parts as responsible citizens.